

# Only 16 More Shopping Days Until Christmas

## Davis-Roper Company

The house that beats them all for the price

### Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

Don't put it off till the last day. If you do that nice present will be gone. For business is good with us. Get in early and get your pick of the many useful things we have for suitable gifts for every member of the family.

Men's Hose, Suspenders, Handkerchiefs, Garters, Ties, Hats and Shirts in new arrivals, just the very thing for a useful present for the men folks and boys.

Ladies Silk Hose, Handkerchiefs, Hand Bags, Vanity Cases, Pins, Scarfs, Silk Waists and many new things for useful gifts.

Come in Early and get the pick

## DAVIS-ROPER COMPANY

The Store Where Your Cash Buys More.

To Greenville Via Automobile.

Dear Advertiser Readers:

The long arm of the law had reached forth and the train on which we intended to travel moved not. In the little shed at Madden that is used for a depot, we paced backward and forward looking for a train that did not come. The little boy was to be carried back to Greenville that day and we hoped against hope that our train would come in time to make connection for Greenville. A telephone message however, stated that the train to that longed-for city had just left Laurens and our hopes went a glimmering. Good fortune however appeared in the personage of Mrs. Tom Shaw. She is generous with her handsome Studebaker and we were soon on our way. Four women, a little boy and at Laurens where we stopped a few moments for gasoline, we picked up the other passenger—a mere man. Mrs. Shaw is a splendid driver and a careful one as well, and we all went merrily on till Simpsonville was reached and a few drops of rain fell. Our driver threw up her hands and tragically exclaimed, "Our chains were left at home!" From there till we reached the mountain city a gentle drizzle drizzle well—just such a rain as would delight one's soul on a November day—provided one was at home by a cheering oak fire, with a brand new book to read, and a fire full of roasted potatoes, a popper of pop-corn, or a pan of parched pinders. However, we reached Greenville in about 2 hours and without any untoward accident.

Dr. Carpenter cheered us up in regard to the ball of the little fellow's eye, and after a short stay in which we all managed to loose each other in a very laughable fashion, we turned our faces homeward at 2 P. M., in a steady down-pour. The roads were getting pretty slick but we glided gently on.

Our first and only accident occurred just as we entered Owings Station. Our car skidded towards the left—to avert a small ditch—there our driver gave a turn and presto! We slid into a deeper ditch on our right.

"Sure as you live we are in it," said Mrs. Shaw and we all echoed, "We are sure in it." The mere man slipped quietly out before one could realize we were in the ditch and the four women looked at one another in silence.

"Are you hurt people, are you hurt?" came to our ears in anxious tones from an onlooker who had seen us head in, and it was a relieved tone of voice, as the women came out that he said, "Four women and not a holler", he admiringly said. "You are the calmest crowd I ever saw go into a ditch." He didn't know that every one of us was of the Dicy Langston strain and we don't holler till we are hurt!

The mere man appeared with a crowd of men who liberally "put their shoulders to the wheel" and we were soon on our again again. As far as the writer is concerned the rest of that ride was made in fear and trembling for the roads by this time were as slick as glass. What kept my courage up was the thoughts of the nice deep routes that we would have in going out from Laurens towards Maddens. Think of the consternation that pervaded my soul when on reaching Todd Avenue we found there Capt. Will Terry having his convict gang industriously hoeing and leveling the routes down! And had been all down double branch hill.

I'll be perfectly frank. By the time we reached home my boasted Dicy Langston courage had oozed out and it was a pretty weak and wobbly old lady that had to be helped up the steps and gently put to bed with a bottle of camphor in her hand and a hot brick to her feet!

Next time I start, I'll see to it that Bess gets the chains. As for you dear reader, if ever it falls to your lot to head up into a ditch may it be at Owings Station where kind hearts and willing hands will pull you out and may you go in as gently as we did, is the earnest wish of your loving,

"Aunt Kate."

#### JONES NEWS.

Jones, Dec. 6.—Mr. Daniel Ezell, after a lingering illness, passed away on the 3rd inst. He was a splendid gentleman and we sympathize with the bereaved family.

Mr. Frank Buzhardt has accepted a position as brick mason at Coffee Hill, Tenn.

Our "box party" in the interest of the school was a delightful occasion. Hon. J. F. Morrison was master of ceremonies and there was a nice little sum netted for our school. We are

very grateful to all of our friends who contributed to the success of our occasion.

Mr. G. B. Riley, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Riley were Thanksgiving guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McCord at Spartanburg.

Brewerton Lodge A. F. M. will meet at 10 a. m. on 4th Saturday, 25th inst. All members are urged to attend as there will be an election of officers and important business.

Mr. Eugene Martin, of Monticello, is the guest of Dr. Jones and family. Misses Maggie and Lucile Irvin of Laurens, were the guests of Hon. and Mrs. J. F. Morrison recently.

Mr. Boyd Manley has accepted a position in the garage at Laurens.

We recently met the following friends: Col. Jas. Machen and Mr. M. B. McCuen, of Princeton; W. P. Williamson, Robert Smith and Charlie Dodson, of Donalds, and Mr. Wm. Gray of Laurens.

Messrs Medlock & White have opened a garage at Ware Shoals.

Mr. Berley Hill made 210 bushels of Lookout Mountain Irish potatoes.

Born on Nov. 28th, to Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Morris, a daughter.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff Jones of Mt. Olive visited Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Jones, Jr., Sunday of last week.

Mrs. Phidona Ballentine recently visited her brother, Dr. Boland, of Statham, Ga.

We were very sorry to hear of the death of Dr. Milwee. He was a grand old man, an eminent physician, a staunch patriot, a public-spirited, progressive citizen, a warm friend. In common with his host of friends we mourn his departure and sympathize with the bereaved family.

Mrs. W. T. Jones, Jr., and Mrs. Earl M. Caine were Thanksgiving guests of the Misses Moore.

Sam Williams, colored, was run over by an automobile last Saturday and was very painfully and perhaps seriously wounded.

We are indebted to Messrs John Culbertson, Sims Boland, Broadus Cooper, S. W. Hutson, S. E. Richey, Warren Cooper, Wm. Alken, J. F. McNeely, Wm. Bowle, Luther Cooper, Sammie McNeel, C. F. Morris, Allen Arnold and other friends for recent kindness.

We are thankful that Conference returned Rev. J. B. Connelly to the Princeton circuit. He will fill his appointment here on 2nd Sunday night.

Messrs Joe Jones and Fowler of Greenwood were the recent guests of Dr. W. T. Jones.

#### FINE POTATO CROP.

W. P. Harris, the "Potato King" of Youngs Township, very Successful Again this Year.

Mr. W. P. Harris, who has won a wide reputation on account of his success with Irish potatoes, was in the city several days ago and made mention of his year's crop. This year Mr. Harris planted 30 acres of potatoes, of the Lookout Mountain variety, and gathered 2,800 bushels from 24 acres of the land. The crop from the remaining six acres was left in the ground and more dirt thrown around them, these to be gathered later on. He estimates that from the entire 30 acres he will secure over 3,000 bushels.

On the best six acres he made 225 1-4 bushels. The best acre had had a crop of crimson clover turned under before planting and on this acre he made 75 bushels more than the average of the next best 5 acres on the same grade land but where the clover had not been turned under. This he said, indicates the wonderful value of crimson clover to the farmer.

Mr. Harris believes strongly in rotation of crops. On one acre of land he has recently gathered 8,472 pounds of dry peavine hay and sorghum. This is the third crop harvested from this acre in eighteen months. The first crop was potatoes, the next wheat and the next hay. One ton of guano was put on the land before the first crop, but no other fertilizer was used after that. Mr. Harris does not plant a great deal of wheat, preferring to plant oats.

Another carload of those bargains in Ranges just in. They won't last long; better come at once for yours. S. M. & E. H. Wilkes & Co.

#### HELP YOUR LIVER—IT PAYS.

When your liver gets torpid and your stomach acts queer, take Dr. King's New Life Pills and you will find yourself feeling better. They purify the blood, give you freedom from constipation, biliousness, dizziness and indigestion. You feel fine—just like you want to feel. Clear the complexion too. 25c at druggists.

#### Measuring Party.

The public is cordially invited to a "Measuring Party" at Sandy Springs school house Friday night, December 10th, given by the Junior Missionary society of the Sandy Springs church.

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#### ENFORCING GAME LAWS.

County Game Warden Is Keeping Sharp Lookout for Violators of the Game Laws.

Mr. W. F. Little, county game warden, is effectively enforcing the game laws in this county. He has made a number of arrests in recent weeks and as a result of his activities very few hunters are taking the risk of going out after game without first being supplied with the necessary license.

In this connection, the requirements which have to be met with in complying with the game laws were set out briefly by Mr. Little Monday. Shorn of its legal phrases, the law is this, he said:

A person may hunt on his own property without a license;

He may also hunt on the property of another without a license if he has written permission;

All others must have a license to hunt anything;

A county license is good only in the county in which it is issued. A state license must be had to hunt in another county where the game law is operative. A written permission cannot take the place of the state license.

A license entitles the holder to hunt on any lands where the owner does not expressly forbid.

Posted land may not be entered upon either with or without a license except by permission of the owner.

Licenses may be secured from the game warden or clerk of court. A county license costs \$1.10, a state license \$3.10.